



small fair grounds and proceeded with the wind across the prairie in the direction indicated.

#### Chasing a Balloon.

After about three-quarters of an hour I looked back and saw the big hulk lazily following me, at a height of several hundred feet. For a time it came straight after me, but when I reached the top of a swell in the prairie, having lost sight of it for a few moments, I saw it had been caught by a counter current of air, and was moving off at an oblique angle to the northeast. Changing my course I pressed on for a while and finally saw the balloon settle down and down, until the anchor, jumping from hillock to hillock on the prairie, caught a tough root or some other obstruction and the big gas bag stopped short.

In about ten minutes I was helping Wilson pack it in shape for transport.

